

The Church.

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Poetry.

THE STARS.

There is neither speech nor language, but their voices are heard among them. Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words into the ends of the world.

Nineteenth Psalm, Prayer-Book version.

The Stars—the ever rolling Stars
Throughout the vault of heaven;
Arcturus and Orion old,
And glittering Pleiads seven;
Loud do they sound Jehovah's praise,
The Lord of boundless might,
Who called them first from naught to life,
From darkness into light.

Those glowing eyes—still bright they shine;
They dart their glory down,
As when in richest splendour first
They beamed from heaven's high crown;
When morning broke in beauty forth
Of young Creation's birth,
And sons of God aloud for joy
Rang chorus o'er the earth.

Stupendous whirl! wheel within wheel!
From highest heights afar,
Pours life and light resplendent down,
And Godhead, every Star;
The rich effulgence of their Lord,
His greatness they do tell,
Who dwells in light, unseen, unknown,
The Inaccessible!

Day unto day doth utter speech,
Night's stars responsive sing;
Telling the glory of their King;
The greatness of their King;
Still on, still on, they sound his praise:
"Glory to God alone;
Bow down all creatures at his feet;
Worship before his throne."

O! in what concert do they join,
As in their course they turn;
How do their voices triumph high
As bright their glories burn;
"God, God" they shout, Omnipotent
To everlasting days;
Listen, O Earth, hear, hear the sound,
And echo back the praise.

But not alone their light doth tell
God's greatness—life is there;
And teeming myriads high in heaven
His mighty power declare;
Yes, there's the image of the Lord;
In Stars, immortals be;
Heirs of a blessed, unending life,
Heirs of Eternity!

I would that I might reach the Stars,
To grasp a brother there;
The brother of far distant worlds,
High, high in upper air;
That we might praise unitedly
With heart-and-hand accord,
The great I AM, who is—and was—
Our gracious, common Lord.

Glory—the thought that yet I may
Breathe in some star above;
That I may yet, through God's great grace,
Mount up the heavenly road;
That I may cleave the depths of air,
Array'd in angel white,
And clap my wings exultingly,
Mid these fair worlds of light!

Great God, most perfect are whose works,
And just are all whose ways,
May these to millions yet unborn,
Be telling of thy praise;
May they, O hearts fast bound to thee,
O'er faithful spirits rise,
And twinkle rapture o'er their path,
And light them to the skies!

The planets, in their heavenly course,
Revolve around the sun,
Receiving purest light from him
In order, every one;
It is their glory to reflect
His great, mysterious glow,
Through deep and wide immensity
His radiance to throw;

O may our souls, as satellites,
Cling close around our God;
May we be treading in the steps
Which He incarnate trod;
May we, O God, while life is ours,
With light unceasing shine,
Rejecting all that's not of thee,
Reflecting only thine;

That when below th' horizon here,
Our bodies rest in night,
Our souls, released, may upward spring
Into thy marvellous light;
That, having run our course, we may
Thy richest glory share,
Far in the heaven of heavens above,
And shine immortal there.

S. H. C.

A MEMOIR OF BISHOP BURGESS.

(From the Church of England Magazine.)

THOMAS BURGESS, the youngest son of a most respectable tradesman of Odiham, in the county of Southampton, was born A.D. 1756. Until seven years of age he was sent to a dame's school, and afterwards to the grammar school of his native place; where, though living in the same town with his parents, they denied themselves the pleasure of having him home except at the regular holidays, that he might not become unsettled and inattentive to his studies. As his mother doted on him, this was a great trial to her, especially when she saw him on Sundays at church, among the train of his school-fellows; but she repressed her feelings, for her child's good. His own feelings, it is scarcely needful to add, were not a little excited on these occasions. From this school he removed to Winchester, in 1768, from which he was elected a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, A.D. 1775. He soon gained a high reputation, even while an undergraduate, for sound learning and critical research.

In 1778, he edited a new edition of "Burton's Pentateuch"—a work containing five Greek tragedies, with annotations; and displayed so much critical skill, that it attracted considerable notice, and laid the foundation of his Grecian celebrity. Soon after, he published a new edition of "Dawes' Miscellanea Critica"—a work consisting of "critical discussions on, and conjectural emendations of, the text of the Attic poets, remarks on their peculiarities of construction, dissertations on various questions connected with Greek metre, and elaborate inquiries into the properties of the Æolic Digamma. Burgess's part in this publication, eventually procured for him the acquaintance of well-known literary men, both at home and abroad. It was Mr. Burgess's good fortune to gain the notice, and subsequently the friendship, of Mr. Tyrwhitt, formerly clerk of the House of Commons, but who had resigned the situation on account of health. Educated at Eton and Oxford, he devoted himself to literary pursuits. A remarkable instance of his kindness to Mr. Burgess

is a letter from Astronomy, that though the stars generally appear fixed, yet they all may have motion. For their distance being so immensely great, (in no instance less than two hundred thousand times that of the earth,) a rapid motion might not perceptibly change their relative situation in two or three thousand years.

occurred soon after the commencement of their personal acquaintance, which produced so profound an impression upon the heart of the latter, that, even in the latest periods of his life, he was wont to dwell upon it with the freshness of almost youthful gratitude. His pecuniary resources were narrow; and, finding his expenses at Oxford more considerable than his means warranted, he resolved, on principles of honourable independence, to tear himself from this seat of the muses, rather than contract debts which might prove embarrassing. His plan was—to take orders, and, in the retirement of a curacy, to prosecute his studies in conjunction with the performance of clerical duties. This resolution he communicated to Mr. Tyrwhitt, who replied, "No! you must on no account quit Oxford; you must be my curate there for the next two years." The assistance thus delicately afforded was most gratefully accepted; and, for about that space of time, he received from Mr. Tyrwhitt a pecuniary contribution amounting to the ordinary salary of a curate, for the express purpose of enabling him to retain his situation in the university, and of pursuing at ease his learned studies.

In 1779, having taken his degree, he entered into a university competition for one of the chancellor's prizes, the subject being "The affinity between Poetry and Painting;" and was beaten by Lord Sidmouth, then Mr. Addington. In the next year Burgess was successful, on a subject he better understood—"An essay on the Study of Antiquities." In 1782 he was appointed tutor of his college. Mr. Roberts, author of the "Life of Hannah More," was one of his pupils, and thus speaks of him in this capacity:—"I attended his lectures, which were very able and instructive, for several years, and was honoured with many special marks of his kindness and regard. His great object was the cultivation of Greek literature; and, during the period in which I received his instructions, he attained the distinction of being considered the best Greek scholar in the university."

Mr. Burgess took orders in 1784, and from this time his attention was directed, in a serious and comprehensive manner, to theological pursuits. That he might be able to consult the Old Testament in the original, he was assiduous in the study of Hebrew—while his intimate acquaintance with the Greek language gave him every advantage that learning can impart.

In 1785 Mr. Burgess was appointed chaplain to Dr. Barrington, then bishop of Salisbury; in no small measure, it is supposed, from the recommendation of Mr. Tyrwhitt. The note from the bishop, requesting to see him at an inn in Oxford, naturally filled him with astonishment, as he was totally unacquainted with his lordship. "I was much surprised," says he, "at the bishop's note, and could not imagine why he wanted to see me. Upon the day specified, I received the promised message, and went to the Star, where I found him with Mrs. Barrington and Mrs. Kennicott. He conducted me into another room, seated himself opposite to me, and at once made me an offer, expressed in the kindest terms, of his chaplaincy. I was really so unprepared for the offer, and so surprised by it, that, to use a homely expression, it struck me all of a heap, and I could make no reply, but sat before him mute as a statue. Many persons would have concluded that I could be no better than an idiot, but he penetrated the real cause of my embarrassment, and, after a short pause, rising up, said he trusted he might construe my silence into consent; he then proposed to introduce me to the two ladies in the adjoining room, whither I followed him."

On the translation of bishop Barrington to Durham, Mr. Burgess resigned his fellowship, and accompanied his patron; from whom he obtained a prebendal stall, and subsequently the living of Winston, where he sedulously applied himself for the promotion of the best interests of his flock. His "Sacra privata," about this period, show that he was rapidly growing in grace, and advancing in the most important of all knowledge.—To one or two illustrations I must confine myself:

"It is not in the power of death to hurt a soul devoted to God, and united to the great Redeemer. It may take me from my worldly comforts; it may disconcert and break my schemes for service on earth, but O, my soul! diviner entertainments and nobler services await thee beyond the grave. For ever blessed be the name of God, and the love of Jesus, for these quieting, encouraging, joyful views. I will now lay me down in peace, and sleep free from the fears of what shall be the issue of this night—whether life or death be appointed for me. O Lord! thou God of truth and mercy, I can cheerfully refer to thy choice, whether I shall wake in this life or another."

"All religious consolation is founded on faith in God, and that on a knowledge of the scriptures without repentance; there can be no religious consolation without repentance; the first motion towards which is the grace of God producing in the heart effectual conviction of sin. The next is a perception and acknowledgment of the mercy of God in producing this conviction; confession of sin, renunciation of self-righteousness, and full dependence on the merits of Christ's atonement, bring the mind first to the hope, and then to the assurance of pardon, for the sake of Christ. Thus the heart is 'renewed' and created in Christ Jesus to good works, which, springing from faith and a deliberate principle of obedience and love, now become acceptable to God."

"They who would bear the cross only of their own choosing, would sacrifice to God only that which costs them nothing."

"Convert all injuries into occasions of spiritual profit, by seeing the hand of God in them, by making them the means of dying to thyself, and of attaining to more intimate communion with a neglected and long-suffering Saviour."

"Simple obedience is to be more highly prized than refined subtlety, and a pure conscience than learned philosophy—that is to say, a conscience purified by the blood of Christ, and freed by it from the condemning sense of sin—a mind and heart spiritualized, sanctified, and bent on a course of renewed obedience to God."

These quotations bear full testimony to the spirituality of Mr. Burgess's frame of mind. They are convincing proofs that he did not study theology as a mere science, but brought it to bear on his own spiritual state as well as that of others. He felt religion to be a most important personal concern.

In 1799 he married Miss Bright, of a highly respectable Yorkshire family, between whom and himself there existed, for nearly forty years, the utmost reciprocal affection. The good bishop of Durham said to the lady, some short time before her marriage—"Miss Bright, you are about to be united to one of the very best of men, but a perfect child in the concerns of this world; so you must manage the house, and govern, not only your maids, but the men servants also." The habits of Mr. Burgess, in fact, were little akin to those of the men of the world. His mind was always at work—and this often placed him in somewhat awkward situations. One instance must suffice to illustrate this. "On the day of their marriage, the bishop drove into Durham from Auckland castle to unite their hands; and it was arranged that they should go to Winston parsonage immediately after the ceremony. Conjecturing that his chaplain might probably have

forgotten to furnish his larder suitably to the occasion, the kind and thoughtful prelate had set over an ample supply of delicacies to await their arrival. Just as they were about to drive off, he amused himself by probing the fact. 'You have, no doubt, taken good care to provide every thing in the best manner for Mrs. Burgess's reception at Winston?' The chaplain started at the question, and was obliged to own that really it had never occurred to him. He was at once relieved from his embarrassment, and had reason, as on many former occasions, to recognize in his diocesan his good genius."

An instance of his extreme shyness is mentioned by Dr. Harford. "Having been offered, some time previous to this, a valuable stall in the cathedral of Salisbury, he declined it—for a reason which will perhaps produce a smile in the reader, though I was strictly in unison with the shyness and modesty of his character. The reason was, as he himself told a friend, that it would have obliged him to sit in one of the most conspicuous parts of the cathedral. Another subsequently became vacant, which did not put his nerves to this trial, and he gratefully accepted it."

The person of Mr. Burgess, at this time, is described as tall, erect, and dignified, and there was a cast of pleasing, not repulsive gravity, over the calm expression of his intellectual features. His smile was peculiarly winning. Mr. Smelt, sub-tutor to George IV., used to say, "Of all the sweet things I can think of, there is nothing quite equal to Burgess's smile."

[Here follows the account of his unsolicited and unwished for appointment to the Bishopric of St. David's, which has already appeared at p. 20 of the present volume.]

Had Dr. Burgess consulted his own inclination, he would have preferred remaining at his quiet happy home at Winston; but he felt it his duty to accept an offer made in a manner as flattering as it was unexpected; he therefore expressed his willingness to become bishop—an acceptance which has already proved of vast importance to the spiritual benefits of the Welsh church, and which will do so for generations yet unborn. He was consecrated on the same day as Dr. Fisher, appointed to the bishopric of Exeter, whom he succeeded in the see of Sarum. In the autumn of 1803 he took possession of Abergwilly palace.

When Dr. Burgess took possession of the bishopric of St. David's, he found the aspect of spiritual affairs depressing to the utmost degree; while the income of the see, little more than 1,200*l.*, was by no means adequate to meet its necessary expenses: on this account the bishop did not scruple to retain his stall at Durham.

To elevate the low state of clerical education he licensed four schools for preparation for holy orders, and instituted a society in 1804, called "A Society for promoting Christian Knowledge and Church Union in the diocese of St. David's." The general object was to form a society, or religious and literary association, for the purpose of promoting charity and union among all classes of Christians in the diocese, and of diffusing useful knowledge among the poor.

The bishop was particularly cautious as to the admission of young men into holy orders. An entirely new system was introduced by him. He required competent acquaintance with the Greek Testament, and facility of English composition, but particularly he encouraged the study of Hebrew. "He did not entrust to others," says one ordained by him, "the examination of candidates for holy orders—he took upon himself that important task; and no man was better qualified to do so: for, having once satisfied himself of the competency of the person examined, he blended his queries with such admonitions as were likely to produce the most beneficial effects. For my part, I trust the benignity of his countenance, and the kind, the solemn, the emphatic manner in which he spoke to me, once in particular during my examination, concerning my duties as a Christian minister, will never, while memory holds her seat, be erased from my mind. During the ordination week he frequently exhorted us to be constant and regular in the practice of family devotion, of which he every morning gave us a beautiful example." It is extremely gratifying to know that the week previous to ordination is now spent in many dioceses in a manner likely to make a lasting impression. The candidates for ordination have frequent intercourse with the bishop, and have the advantage of his advice. When on any occasion they are called upon to consult him, there is less restraint; they feel a respectful confidence that their diocesan is really their spiritual friend.

Justly conceiving that a clergyman should be fully capable of imparting religious instruction to his flock, the bishop required that all persons presented to Welsh livings, or nominated to Welsh curacies, should give satisfactory proofs of their proficiency in Welsh, to commissioners specially appointed by himself to examine; and further, that candidates for orders, having Welsh titles, should furnish similar evidence of their sufficiency in this respect before they were admitted to further examination.

The plans for the erection of a college had long been subject matter of solemn deliberation in his mind. A piece of land at Lampeter, in Cardiganshire, suitable for the projected building was readily offered by Dr. Harford and his brothers, and was gladly accepted. Without recounting the various impediments which at times seemed to threaten the existence of the college, and the unceasing pains used by the bishop to carry on the good work, it may be stated that the foundation-stone was laid by the bishop himself on the 12th of August, 1822, the birth-day of King George the Fourth, who had been a most liberal benefactor to the institution.

The bishop's manners and address, his hospitality, and obvious sincerity, were eminently calculated to make powerful and lasting impression on the clergy as well as laity. "His clergy," says Dr. Harford, "found in him a faithful monitor, anxious to impress

"A village," to use the bishop's own words, "so delightful that the editor of the 'Beauties of England and Wales' expresses his surprise that an incumbent, once in possession, should ever quit it for any situation under the sun." Arthur Young says, it is worth going a thousand miles to see; and Mr. Frederick Vane, Lord Darlington's brother, used to call it the Northern Tivoli. The landscapes which it commands are absolutely enchanting. You have Baby castle; you have richly-wooded activities—a fine bridge over the Tees—the hills of Cleveland! Such a combination of beauty is rarely found centred in any one place. Nearly in these words did Bishop Burgess, in his 8th year, recur, with almost youthful enthusiasm, to these scenes, in which he had spent many of the happiest hours of his life. He there found a retreat from the round of company, and the frequent calls of public duty, which had hitherto absorbed the greater portion of his time. But the bishop of Durham added still further to his happiness, by releasing him from his more onerous duties—those incident to the station of domestic chaplain—and restricting them, in a great degree, to the office of examining candidates for orders."

Some time ago we noticed with satisfaction that prayers in Welsh had been read by the present bishop of St. David's; we are glad to find that his lordship had been subsequently enabled to preach in the same language.

The bishop himself was extremely abstemious in his fare, to which he in a great measure ascribed the strength of his mental powers in his declining years.

upon them the importance of a zealous and conscientious discharge of their various duties—a wise adviser in their doubts and difficulties—and a kind sympathizing friend in the hour of trial and affliction. Those, who sincerely did their duty, were sure to be singled out by him for encouragement and promotion. His approving smile animated their pious exertions—his liberal hand was prompt to minister to their necessities—his hospitable mansion was always open to them—and he invariably met them with cordiality and kindness. Whatever were his studious pursuits, they were never allowed to interfere with his giving audience, whether to the incumbent of an important living, or to the poorest curate of his diocese. The interruption to his studies was occasionally not a little trying, but this was never visible in his looks and manner, though, when a very wet day occurred, he not unfrequently expressed pleasure in the anticipation of having a long morning wholly to himself. A room was expressly set apart for the reception of his clergy, and they always found it hospitably provided with substantial refreshments. He was, in fact, a sort of elder brother among them, uniting a singularly mild, winning, and gentle demeanour, with a constant endeavour to encourage and animate their exertions, and to acquire as well as to impart instruction and information. Nor, when the occasion called for it, did any one know better how to assume that dignity of manner which effectually represses undue familiarity.

"The following anecdote will attest the firm and manly support he was ready to give to his clergy when unwarrantably opposed. A week-day evening lecture had been established by one of the parishioners offered so much vexatious opposition, that the clergyman was compelled to exercise his just authority in resistance of a determined interference with his ministerial jurisdiction. It soon became necessary to refer the question, by a common appeal, to the higher authority, and the decision was in favour of the clergyman. His situation before things were brought to this issue was very trying, much unjust obloquy being industriously cast upon him. The bishop, aware of this, and being well acquainted with all the circumstances that had occurred, left him not to contend uncountenanced with his opponents, but manifested his private view of the case by immediately attending the evening lecture himself, and continuing to do so for some time. His considerate countenance and support at once abashed the opposing party, and cheered the heart of a conscientious and excellent man."

In 1823, the bishop, by the king's command, framed a plan for a Royal Society of Literature. Few men were better qualified for the task, on which he entered with his usual energy.

To the great regret and not a little to the astonishment of his friends, on the decease of Dr. Fisher, bishop Burgess accepted the offer of the see of Salisbury. It was not without reluctance that he did so, but there were many circumstances which induced him to do so—the health of his wife, the distance from Durham, and his own preference for Salisbury (where in former years he had spent much time,) combined to his removal. Addresses of the most respectful and affectionate character were presented to him.

Though advanced in years the bishop entered with alacrity on the duties of his new diocese. He immediately began to inquire into its spiritual state, and issued a series of queries of a searching character, and which were deemed by some as too severe; but they were the means of enabling him to arrive at a pretty fair estimate of its spiritual state. Though the state of his eye-sight was a very great impediment, it is astonishing how much work he was enabled to get through.

"The old age of bishop Burgess was the serene and gentle sunset of a life directed to the noblest objects, and influenced by high and holy motives. The vigour of his intellect, and the energy of his application, were very little abated after he had reached that period of life, the usual characteristics of which, to use the forcible words of the psalmist, are 'labour and sorrow.' His temperate habits, the placidity of his disposition, and his habitual admixture of active with sedentary pursuits, contributed in no small degree to this immunity from the usual infirmities of advanced age. On his library table, to the close of his life, were sure to be found the newest and most accredited works on theology and biblical criticism, both English and Latin, with the contents of which, in spite of his defect of vision, he made himself master to the full extent required by his own special objects of pursuit and research. Occasionally he was aided in this respect by his chaplain, Dr. Radcliffe. Treatises of practical piety and devotion were no less sure to be within his reach; and in some of these his written notes attested the care and interest with which they had been perused. Poetry, which had been one of the delights of his youth, lost none of its charms for him after he grew old; to store his memory with its choicest beauties, was a practice that never forsook him. Even as late as 1830, when he was in his seventy-second year, he made himself master in this way of the finest sonnets of Milton, and would challenge his niece, whom he had induced to do the same, to a frequent repetition of them. He also committed to memory at the same age whole chapters of the Bible. Among the characteristics of his mind cheerfulness and hope continued predominant; for they were nourished by principles which maintained their vigour and freshness to the last. What was it to him, that the shades of evening were gathering round him, and the day of his mortal pilgrimage hastening to a close? 'He knew in whom he had believed,' and 'his hope was full of immortality.' He was fully aware of his advancing infirmities, and of the gradual decay of his physical powers; but the principal regret these changes caused him, was the consequent abridgement of his powers of active usefulness, and his increasing disqualification for discharging his episcopal functions in the spirit of his more vigorous days.

"Before the close of the month (after his apoplectic attack at Warmminster, in June 1835, says Mr. Harford)—I spent some days with him, and found him composed, serene, and cheerful. His recent seizure, however, had fixed a strong conviction on his mind, that the term of his mortal pilgrimage could not be distant, and that he had received a merciful warning to make ready for the final summons; the bent of his thoughts and meditations corresponded with these impressions. He talked in his usual pleasant way upon literary topics, but seemed desirous of directing the current of thought to objects of higher interest; the beatific vision of Christ in a future state was a subject he had in past days delighted to converse upon with any intimate friend, and he was now humbly rejoicing in its anticipation. 'I receive,' he said, my

recent illness as an intimation from the Great Head of the church, that my day of active service is almost closed. It is a pleasing reflection to me, that it was in the act of prayer I sunk down at Warmminster."

"As the bishop appeared to me unequal to the fatigues of business, I strongly urged him, in the course of our conversation, to employ a secretary for his correspondence, telling him that I felt persuaded it would tend to prolong his life. 'I am not at all anxious,' he replied, 'for prolonged life; I trust I am willing to resign it whenever God may please. I have long been making this my aim; the best state of existence here below is dashed with much sorrow.' The text, Heb. iv. 15, 'We have not an high priest who cannot be touched with the feelings of our infirmities,' being repeated to him as one pregnant with consolation, 'Yes,' he replied, 'but the most sustaining words to me are these—'Being justified by faith we have peace with God' (Rom. v. 1). 'It is obvious,' he added, 'that 'peace with God' is the result of a true faith, and hence it follows that justifying faith, is something far beyond the mere assent of the understanding to divine testimony. The peace spoken of is the result of faith in the atonement of Christ. When bishop Bull, he went on to say, 'was in his last moments, his son-in-law, with a view of administering to his comfort, reminded him of the good he had done by his life and writings, and of his various exertions in the cause of religion. 'My only hope,' replied the bishop, 'is in the mercies of God through the merits of Christ.' Then addressing me, he added—'In this sentiment I entirely accord.'

"In allusion to his growing infirmities, he said that, fearing the time had arrived when he was become incapable of efficiently discharging the important duties of his office, he had not long since requested permission to resign his bishopric, but had been informed, in reply, that a resignation of this description was deemed, for many reasons, inadmissible.

"To one of those friends, whose Christian fidelity and judgment naturally inspired confidence, he addressed himself in the following terms of touching simplicity, just before he received from his hands the holy sacrament:—

"I feel that, in all probability, I shall not long survive this attack; I wish, therefore, to be tried as to the foundation on which I am resting. Will you give me your view of the frame of mind, and the particular objects of faith and dependence, which a person thus situated ought to contemplate and to cherish? What should be my views and feelings in the near prospect of an eternal world? When you have given me your sentiments, I will tell you my own.' His friend, in reply, repeated to him, in the language of scripture, some of those sublime promises to which, in a dying hour, the most learned and eminent of the sons of men must have recourse for consolation, equally with the illiterate and the humble.—To the whole tenor of what was thus said, the bishop cordially assented; and expressed the strong consolation he had derived from various passages of scripture which he quoted—all bearing upon the mercy of God, to the penitent believer in Christ Jesus.

"During this conversation, his calm but expressive emotion attested the depth of his feelings. His voice faltered, and tears of mingled penitence and immortal hope coursed down his venerable cheeks. To another valued friend he said, in advertising about the same time to similar topics—'I think, on looking back to my past life, I have acted for the most part conscientiously; but how unworthily, how shortly! O, what a comfort there is in looking to Christ! I scarcely like to use that expression, common as it is, of looking to the cross; it is a figurative term, whereas I want something substantial. I had rather make mention of him who died, than of the instrument by which he suffered.'

"About this time an account appeared in the 'Christian Observer,' of the last illness and death of the Rev. Mr. Simeon, of King's College, Cambridge. It was read to the bishop, who listened to it with marked interest, and desired to hear some parts of it a second time. Soon afterwards, while slowly pacing the room, he was heard repeating in a low but emphatic voice, and as if applying the words to himself, some of the most striking expressions of humility, faith, and hope, uttered on the occasion referred to by that eminent Christian.

"There was something inexpressibly interesting, and which will find a response in every Christian bosom, in the feelings with which he himself continued to regard the approaches of death. Deeply sensible how much of imperfection mingles with and mars the best actions and obedience of our fallen race, the idea of passing into the presence of the Great Supreme, infinite in purity and holiness, impressed him with solemn awe, and led him again and again to try, by the test of scripture, the foundation of his immortal hopes. His self-communings, and the particular texts which sustained and animated his faith, he himself recorded, with his almost dying hand, on some loose sheets of paper.

"On the 11th of February, 1837, the bishop dictated his last letter to a literary friend, but in so low a voice as to be scarcely audible, and he had great difficulty in franking it.

"On Sunday, the 12th of February, he appeared a little better, and was able to listen with interest to the Church services and a sermon. His mind was peaceful, calm, and happy, and he conversed pleasantly in a low voice with those around him. After tea he repeated Mrs. Heman's beautiful sonnet, written on her death-bed, on hearing the Sabbath bells, until he came to the concluding lines—

"I may not tread
With these poor pathways, to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound; yet O, my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath fill'd
My chestnut heart, and all its throbbings still'd
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness."

"In attempting to repeat this passage his voice faltered, and he was mastered for a few moments by strong emotion; but recovering himself, he exclaimed, 'Let me finish them—I wish to finish them; and then calmly proceeded to the end of the sonnet, while all around him were much affected. He had continued to this time to read family prayers in the evening; on this day he did so for the last time; his voice was very weak, but deeply earnest. It had long been customary with him, to have a chapter of the Bible read after prayers, together with Fenelon's 'Reflections' for the day. On this occasion he selected for himself a 'Confession of Sins,' and part of the 'Office for the Sick,' from a 'Book of Devotions.'

"On the evening of the 13th of February the bishop was so unwell that he retired early to his room, never again to leave it. During the three ensuing days he lay in a state of great debility, but was not materially worse; in this state of prostration he gave